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Upon the lonely sightless sons of woe
A new foreign source of pleasure to bestow.

Behold thy work!—

[*The scene opening, discovers the Harpers.*]

See here a helpless band,
The tokens of thy gracious influence, stand!
What speaks this sight?—It tells to all around,

That Charity and music chose this ground,
This favour'd spot, the seat of wealth and arts,

To fix their empire in a people's hearts.
What! tho' no mighty fabric charms the eye,

No far famed column towers to meet the sky—

What! tho' all sweeping Luxury's fell sway

Transform not seasons, turn not night to day—

Yet here the faithful chronicler can boast
A fame superior to her pomp or cost;
Hearts, where with strange coincidence conspires

Scotia's calm prudence with Ierne's fires:
A town, where patient industry presides,
Where virtue to the fane of honour guides;
Where pity opens the willing hand of wealth,
Dispensing balm to care, to sickness health;
Where poverty is banished from the door,
And vagrant idleness dares prowl no more.

Thy merit *shall* have praise—where'er this band,

The children of thy bounty, thro' the land

Repeat the tones that once our fathers loved,
The raptured audience, with strange passion moved,

Will ask, what blessed hand restored those strains,

So nearly lost, to vibrate thro' our plains?
Then will the swell of gratitude arise
In joyous tides to fill their sightless eyes,
While memory, to the voice of nature true,
Exclaims with rapturous sympathy—to you!

The lines marked thus ("") were omitted at the representation, through fear of rendering the recitation tedious.

UAL MO CHROIDHE.

THOU dear seducer of my heart,
Fond cause of every struggling sigh;
No more can I conceal love's smart,
No more restrain the ardent eye.
What tho' this tongue did never more
To tell thee all its master's pain,

My eyes, my looks, have spoke my love,
Ah! Norah, shall they speak in vain.

My fond imagination warm,
Presents thee at the noontide beam,
And sleep gives back thy angel form,
To clasp thee in the midnight dream.
My Norah, tho' no splendid store,
I boast, a venal heart to move;
Yet charmer, I am far from poor,
For I am more than rich in love.

Pulse of my beating heart, shall all
My hopes of thee, and peace be fled,
Unheeded wilt thou hear me fall,
Unpitied wilt thou see me dead!
I'll make a cradle of this breast,
Thy image all its child shall be;
My throbbing heart will rock to rest,
The cares that waste thy life and me.

MAIDIN BATTANAC SLEARI DUFF GINO BUIDH.

SO sweet is the lip of the maid that I love,
Let us meet at the bower beneath the green tree,

Let the ray of the moon be thy guide thro' the grove,
And thine eye be the beam that will light me to thee.

O steal to the bower, where willows entwined
With woodbine and roses to shade it a bower;

I swear there is nought in a goblet of wine,
So sweet as the lip of the maid that I love.

Haste, haste, thou bright moon to rise over the hill,
And spread thy soft hues on the valley beneath;

Peace tremulous aspen, be quiet, be still,
I hear her light step, and I fear me to breathe.

O come then my charmer and banish my fear,
Bring joy to my heart and each doubt will remove;

I swear there is nought upon earth that's so dear,
So sweet as the lip of the maid that I love.

THE MAID OF THE MOOR,

OR

THE WATER FIENDS;

BY GEORGE COLMAN.

ON a wild Moor, all brown and black
Where broods the heath-frequenting grouse,

There stood a tenanted antique,
Lord Hopper-Gollops country-house.

Here silence reign'd, with lips of glue,
And undisturb'd maintains her law,
Save when the owl cry'd, whoo, whoo,
Or the hoarse crow croak'd, caw, caw, caw.

Neglected mansion, for 'tis said,
Whene'er the snow comes feathering
down,
Four barbed steeds, from the bulls head,
Carry'd thy master up to town ;

Weak Hopper Gollop ! Lords may moan,
Who stake in London their estate,
On two small rattling bits of bone,
On little figure or on great.

Swift whirl the wheels...he's gone....a Rose
Remains behind whose virgin look,
Unseen, must blush in wintry snows,
Sweet beauteous blossom... 'twas the
Cook.

A bolder far, than my weak note,
Maid of the Moor, thy charms demand,
Eels might be proud to lose their coat,
If skinn'd by Molly Dumpling's hand.

Long had the fair-one sat alone,
Had none remain'd but only she,
She by herself had been, if one
Had not been left for company.

'Twas a tall youth, whose cheeks clear
hue,
Wasting'd with health, and manly toil,
Cabbage he sow'd, and when it grew,
He always cut it off to boil.

Oft would he say...Delve, Delve the hofe,
And prune the tree, and trim the root,
And stick the wig upon the pole
To scare the sparrows from the fruit.

A small mute favourite by day,
Follow'd his steps, where'er he wheels,
His barrow round the garden gay,
A bob-tail cur is at his heels.

Ah man ! the brute creation see
Thy constancy oft need to spur,
While lessons of fidelity
Are found in every bob-tail cur.

Hard toil'd the youth, so fresh and strong,
While bob-tail in his face would look,
And mark'd his master troll the song,
Sweet Molly Dumpling...O thou cook !

For thus he sung, while Cupid smil'd,
Pleas'd that the gardener owned his dart,

Which prun'd his passions, running wild,
And grafted true love in his heart.

Maid of the Moor, his love return,
True love ne'er tints the cheek with
shame ;
When gard'ners hearts like hot-beds burn,
A cook may surely fan the flame.

Ah ! not averse from love was she,
'Tho' pure as heaven's snowy flake,
Both lov'd, and though a gard'ner he,
He knew not what it was to rake.

Cold blows the blast...the night's obscure,
The mansion's crazy windows crack,
The sun had sunk, and all the moor,
Like ev'ry other moor was black.

Alone, pale, trembling, near the fire,
The lovely Molly Dumpling sat,
Much did she fear, and much admire,
What Thomas Gardner would be at.

List'ning, her hand supports her chin,
But ah no foot is heard to stir ;
He comes not from the garden in,
Nor he, nor little bob-tail cur.

They cannot come sweet maid to thee,
Flesh both of cur, and man is grass ;
And what's impossible, can't be,
And never, never comes to pass.

She passes thro' the hall antique,
To call her Thomas from his toil ;
Opes the huge door : the hinges creak,
Because the hinges wanted oil.

Thrice, on the thresho'd of the hall,
She...Thomas...cry'd, with many a sob,
And thrice on bob-tail did she call,
Exclaiming sweetly...bob...bob...bob...

Vain maid...a gard'ner's corps 'tis said,
In answers can but ill succeed,
And dogs that hear, when they are dead,
Are very cunning dogs indeed.

Back thro' the hall she bent her way,
And all was solitude around ;
The candle shed a feeble ray,
Tho' a large mould of four to the pound.

Full closely to the fire she drew,
Adown her cheek a salt tear stole,
When low a coffin out there flew,
And in her apron burnt a hole.

Spiders their busy death-watch tick'd
A certain sign that fate will frown ;
The clumsy kitchen clock too click'd,
A certain sign, it was not down.

More strong and strong her terrors rose,
Her shadow did the maid appal,
She trembled at her lovely nose,
It look'd so long against the wall.

Up to her chamber, damp and cold,
She climb'd Lord Hopper-Gollops stair,
Three stories high, long, dull, and old,
As great Lords stories often are.

All nature now appear'd to pause,
And o'er the one half world seem'd dead,
No curtain'd sleep had she, because,
She had no curtains to her bed.

Listening she lay...with iron din,
The clock struck twelve...the doc- flew
wide,

When Thomas grimly glided in;
With little bob-tail by his side.

Tall, like the poplar, was his size,
Green, green his waistcoat was as leeks,
Red, red as beet root, were his eyes,
And pale as turnips were his cheeks.

Soon as the spectre she espy'd,
The fear-struck damsel, faintly, said,
What would my Thomas? he reply'd,
O Molly Dumpling, I am dead.

All in the flower of youth, I fell,
Cut off with healthful blossom crown'd,
I was not ill, but in a well,
I tumbled backward...and was drown'd.

Four fathom deep thy love doth lie,
His faithful dog his fate did share;
We're Fiends...this is not he and I,
We are not here, for we are there.

Yes...two foul water-fiends are we
Maid of the moor, attend us now,
Thy hour's at hand...we come for thee...
The little fiend cur said...bow...wow:

To wind her in her cold, cold grave,
A Holland sheet a maiden likes,
A sheet of Water thou shalt have;
Such sheets there are in Holland dykes:

The Fiends approach...the maid did shrink,
Swift thro' the night's foul air they spin,
They took her to the green well's brink,
And with a souse they plunged her in.

So true the fair...so true the youth,
Maids to this day their story tell,
And hence the proverb rose, that truth
Lies in the bottom of a well.

THE AFFECTIONATE HEART.

BY JOSEPH COTTLE.

LET the great man, his treasures possess-
ing;
Pomp and splendour for ever attend &
I prize not the shadowy blessing,
I ask...the affectionate friend.

Tho' foibles may sometimes o'ertake him,
His footsteps from wisdom depart;
Yet, my spirit shall never forsake him,
If he own the affectionate heart.

Affection! thou soother of care,
Without thee unfriended we rove;
Thou canst make e'en the desert look fair,
And thy voice is the voice of the dove.

Mid the anguish that preys on the breast,
And the storms of mortality's state;
What shall lull the afflicted to rest,
But the joys that on sympathy wait?

What is fame, bidding envy defiance,
The idol and bané of mankind;
What is wit, what is learning, or science,
To the heart that is stedfast and kind?

E'en genius may weary the sight,
By too fierce and too constant a blaze;
But affection, mild planet of night!
Grows lov'lier the longer we gaze.

It shall thrive when the flattering forms,
That encircle creation, decay;
It shall live 'mid the wide-wasting storms,
That beat all undistinguish'd away.

When time, at the end of his race,
Shall expire with expiring mankind;
It shall stand on its permanent base;
It shall last till the wreck of the mind.

A POET AND A PATRON.

TO CARDINAL RICHLIEU, FROM THE FRENCH
OF MONS. MAYNARD.

SICK of a life, possess'd in vain,
I soon shall wait upon the ghost
Of our late Monarch, in whose reign,
None who had merit miss'd a post.

Then will I charm him with your name,
And all your glorious wonders done,
The pow'r of France...the Spaniards shame,
The rising honours of his son:

Grateful the royal shade will smile,
And dwell, delighted, on your name,
Sweetly appeas'd, his griefs beguile,
And drown old losses in new fame.